

No More Funny Business

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Summary:

You find yourself lost in the woods after being separated from your hiking group. You have heard tales that these woods are haunted and you want to get back to your group as soon as possible. But what if It finds you first?

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Author's Note:

Why am I still writing these?

"Hey, don't you think we should go this way?"

"Why would we go that way? That way loops back to the van. We're supposed to be making our way to the summit camp!"

"Right..."

You look to the ground, defeated, knowing your logic was faulty. The group leader turns forward and motions to the rest of your hiking group to follow him.

"Now, I want everyone to stay close. As we get farther into these woods, it becomes more dangerous for us, and if we split up, we may never see each other again."

The group moves to follow the leader, and so do you.

The sun is high on this Saturday morning. The trees are alive with the sounds of nature, and the grasses blow gently in the slight, cool breeze. You look around, amazed at the general beauty of the forest trail. You have been this way before with another group, but every time you return to this area, you feel like you're being watched the whole time.

"Are you coming?" one of the group members calls back to you. You had stopped to admire a group of sunflowers growing just off the trail without realizing it.

"Yeah," you respond, hurrying to catch up to the group. "I'm coming."

You wander along the trail for a couple of hours before the group decides to stop for lunch. You find a nice meadow not too far off the trail and decide to set up camp briefly in this area. The meadow is wide and open, and many trails lead off of it. Some return to the main path while others meander farther into the forest.

"Okay everyone," the group leader calls as everyone settles for lunch.

"If you decide to explore, take at least one other person with you. The stream is to the south, and the path back is to the east. Don't wander off!"

You roll your eyes and take a bite of your sandwich. You chew thoughtfully, swallow, and repeat. You know that there's a hidden meadow a bit off the beaten trail that heads towards the stream, and you wonder if you might be able to find it again. Once you finish your sandwich, you pick up your water bottle and tap one of your group members on the shoulder.

"Hey, come with me. I need to refill my water bottle."

"Get someone else to go, I'm eating."

You sigh and check with others, but none of them want to go, either, so you shrug and announce loudly, "I'm going to go to the stream and refill my water bottle!"

Nobody seems to notice, so you shrug again and head out to the south. You head down the trail for a while, listening for the sound of the stream as you walk. After about ten minutes, you come across dampened ground and spot the stream ten feet away. Unscrewing the lid to your water bottle, you kneel and dip the lip of the bottle just beneath the water's surface, letting the metallic container fill.

You hear a twig snap behind you, causing you to jump and subsequently drop your water bottle into the stream. "Shit," you curse under your breath, getting up to chase after it. As you get up, you have the feeling that someone is watching you, but as you turn to look over your shoulder, you don't spot anyone. Shaking your head, you see your water bottle a good 50 feet down the stream already.

"Dammit."

You jog after it, realizing that you're somehow incapable of catching up to the bottle. Whenever you feel you might be getting close, the bottle rockets forward another ten feet, causing you to slowly lose hope of ever catching up.

"Shit man, now what?"

"You could always.. come with me."

A voice sounded from behind you. You turn on your heels and still you see nothing.

"Show yourself!" You call out, your hand slowly moving to a pocket knife you keep attached to your belt. "You can't just sneak up on a girl!"

"Oh, but can't I?" The voice responds quietly, closer to you than before.

"No, you can't. Now stop playing a coward's game and show yourself to me!"

A soft, mad cackle originates just behind your ear, causing you to jump. You pull your knife off your belt and flip the blade up, holding up the weapon before your eyes catch sight of what mocks you.

A large man-like form stands in front of you, standing above six feet tall. His arms and legs were long, and he was dressed in a ragged clown costume. A wicked smile shows on his face as he peers down at you curiously.

"Well, what have we here?" He whispers, taking a step towards you.

"Don't come any closer!" You cry, raising the knife a bit higher. "I swear, I'll put this right between your eyes!"

The clown figure cackled again, and you realize that your wrist is suddenly caught by his hand.

"Let go of me..." you hiss, attempting to jerk your wrist free.

His grip, however, only tightens, causing your fingers to spasm. Your knife falls to the ground and he kicks it into the stream.

"Bastard!"

"Is that any way to treat somebody?" He whispers to you, leaning in, his face inches from yours.

"One last warning. Let go of me right now!"

He merely taps his fingers on your wrist before yanking your whole arm towards him, your body being wrenched forward with the motion. His salivating lips move closer to yours as he breathes deeply, tasting your fear, his smirk widening.

"Perfect."